



Before Lise could recover from the petrifying shock, the words of Login had given her, he had already conducted her out of his room, and the servant, "to show the girl out of the house."

My heart bleeds—I forget that Login is a human being, and would console him—but my tongue is petrified—I can only turn my tearful eye towards heaven—Alas! why is it not a fiction that I relate, why is it a melancholy truth?"

"It was false that Login had left the army?"  
—No, he had indeed been with the army; but, instead of fighting, he gamed and lost his whole fortune.—As peace was soon after concluded, he returned loaded with debts to Moscow, where but one remedy remains to retrieve his enormous losses, namely to marry a rich widow, who was already pretty far advanced in years. She had long had an eye on Login; but hitherto her advances had been repulsed with contempt. Now Lise was differently inclined. He removed to her house, and after bestowing a sincere glance on the remembrance of Lise, he gave her his hand. But can such an act ever be excused?"

In her street Lise recovered from her astonishment. But to what availed one was she awake, kind?—He has driven me away? He loves another? I am lost!—These alone were her ideas, which were soon interrupted by a deep swoon.

A good hearted woman, who was passing, stopped, and tried to bring poor Lise to herself. The poor unfortunate girl at last opened her eyes, got up with the good woman's assistance, and thanking her, tottered she knew not whither. "I cannot survive this," thought she, "if heaven would but fall on me, and crush me! But alas! heaven and earth are deaf to my complaint?—Misérable wretch!"—She now approaches a deep pool overhadowed with tall oaks, whose banks still within a few weeks past, had been the scene of all her joys and transports.—The remembrance shook her whole frame, and in undisturbed sorrow of her mind was painted on her countenance. She sat in deep reflection, which lasted for several minutes; then suddenly looked up, and seeing some girl from her daughter of her neighbour, a young girl of about fifteen, she called to her, drew from her pocket the money she had received from Login, and gave it to her with these words: "Be so good, dear Hannah, to carry this money to my mother, it is not dishonesty come by—tell her that—yet add, that I have acted very wrong in conducting from her love for the cruel—but of what use is his name?—tell her, that he has deceived me, and beg her to forgive me—God will provide for her? kiss her hands as I now kiss yours; tell her, in short, that—" Here she jumped into the water. Hannah screamed and wept, tried to save her; but in vain—At length she flew to the village and gave the alarm; a number of people ran to the spot and drew out the poor creature, but—she was dead.

Such was the unhappy end of poor Lise, kind, good girl! When we meet in a better world I shall certainly acknowledge you. They buried her under the gloomy oaks near the pond. A wooden cross marks her grave. Then I often sit in melancholy thoughtfulness, and contemplate her peaceful abode; before me are the silent waves of the pool, and over me rustles the branches of the trees.

When the mother of Lise learnt the unhappy death of her daughter, indistinguishable horror overwhelmed her; her blood ceased to circulate, and her eyes closed; forever. The cottage remained empty; and to this moment, when the evening breeze whistles among the ruins, the super-

stitious peasant, crossing himself, exclaims: "Mark! their sigh: poor Lise!"

Login was miserable as long as he lived; a brand of the melancholy end of Lise, and in the deep of sorrow he accused himself of being her murderer. It came upon him a storm about a year before his death, and on the grave of Lise he retired to meet the sorry wretch. In the mansion of eternity they now re-appeared, perhaps, in the embrace of mercenary love!

M. G.

#### YOUTH ADMONISHED.

The wheels of time are passing well along;  
Life's gayest scenes full swiftly fade away;  
No heart so wise—no human soul so strong,  
To give earth's transient joys an immortal stay.

Does Fortune smile? does youth, does beauty charm?  
Dare we on these for happiness rely?  
Ah! while the pleasing hope our bosoms warm,  
Behold them all in death's dark ruin lie!

Ye young, ye thoughtless—hither you I write—  
Oh! be attentive to the solemn strain!  
Your brightest day ere long may end in night,  
No shall our ponderous ring thought remain.

Sickness will come—and age, with toil and pain,  
And death relentlessly approaches fast!  
The fluttering joys of earth, this hour will stain!  
This year, this day, this hour may be thy last!

What changes though! he has a revolving year!  
(From such and change who has power to save?)  
Alas! how many to our happy hour dear  
Now slumber in the cold and silent grave!

How sweet late in mother's prime appeared—  
In every age and dear relation shown—  
Son, brother, husband, father, friend, revered,  
Beloved idea, now no longer known!

Forcible, too, the part: Forcible, lies  
Pale, cold, and lifeless, in her dusty bed;  
Faded the lovely tincture of her eyes;  
And from her cheeks the rosy blushes fled!

Be timely wise—In youth's fair evening bloom  
Seek peace, seek pleasure in the SAVIOUR'S love!  
His love's bright ray can cheer the darkest gloom;  
His heavenly smile can every grief remove.

To day he calls—to day attend his voice—  
He can, he will the richest blessings give  
To those who make his holy text their choice:  
The soul that seeks his face shall surely live.

O, then! while youth and genial years remain,  
To God the saviour give your warmest love;  
Trust to no other saviour's name,  
His love, his true salvation you shall prove.

EUSEBIUS.

#### NOTHING NEW.

Unhappy is the man who sighs  
For solid Friendship with the great;  
Since every effort which he tries  
Will prove his plan a better cheat.

By a long pursuit of success,  
The heart grows so hard, the fancy lights,  
And all sympathies of bliss  
Derange the vision of daylight.

In vain your eloquence would plead,  
No words the mind can ever alter;  
'Tis better far to beg your bread,  
Or make your callous heart alter.

#### BEAUTY WILL FADE.

The rainbow, to gaze with us on its bow,  
Is bright and fades out the very day;  
But in the bright morning of the dawn,  
It comes and vanishes while we gaze.

Oh! Clio deems it not repose,  
To dance, to dance, till dawn;  
A world of bliss in the twinkling of an eye,  
Gone as that which the enchantment's spell.

The Rose, that blooms upon the bush,  
And never has a summer hour's repose,  
Is from the world's eye in the twinkling of an eye,  
Gone as that which the enchantment's spell.

What's happy else? transient as glittering foam,  
A momentary gleam or withering rose!

#### SECRETIVE.

Mr. Walker, a clergyman in Connecticut, was visiting at Lanes Road, and had to marry a young man. The young man, acquainted with the circumstances, married Miss Reed's daughter on Sunday. He was solemnly and preached in the presence from Job 1. 21. "Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, from giving to him the earth, and walking up and down in it." Then, "The Devil is a Walker." In the afternoon, Mr. Walker, a little chagrined at the satirical discourse of the quareman priest, returned upon him, from Matthew 23. 7. "A Reed shaken with the wind." Doctrine, "Inevitability is peculiar to Herds."

Among the Laws of the ancient Saxons we find the following.

By any person could track his stolen cattle into another's ground, the owner of the ground was obliged to show their tracks out of it, or pay the value of the cattle.  
He, who should be detected in taking improper liberties with his neighbour's wife, was ordered to pay a fine, and, buy his neighbour another wife.

#### MORAL REFLECTION.

Sickened at her expectation, unsatisfied with present enjoyments and lured by the glittering baubles of luxury, man the first thing of nature, the joyful offspring of hope and disappointment, has dived off a sorrowful existence ever since the history of man. That this has been the lot of our race, history will gently prove; that it still is, our own eyes and observation bear abundant testimony. How unruined never our past life may have been, I query whether a man from a thousand were it possible, would recall his happiest year, or month, or week of even day, could he again taste its enjoyments accompanied with its cares.

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

Next week, next month, or next year proffers the fruit of all our hopes. Year day passes off faithful to our expectations, but to tomorrow's fair promises we know no fulfilment of the past. We seem never to come to rest at our yesterday's were once tomorrow, that it is have still started and deemed more than we had after long tediousness the chase of the golden day, which we perceive sparkling in the dusk as a distant and prize, and having gained the prize of themselves, it is not there, it has flown to the sunset; again in high seas, is again discovered and pursued. Happy is the man, who seems blest with the future, in reasoning on most subjects with people, that in forming plans of future felicity, he is not himself. Could he reason on this, from analogy and experience, as upon other subjects, drawing a picture of the future from a view of the past, he would sicken and die.

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1811.

## SEVERE SNOW STORM.

Life on Monday night last, a severe snow storm came on and continued until 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. The wind blew again from the North West.

The ship Gen. Gates, for Europe, and the British ship A. M. for Liverpool, dragged their anchors and went ashore on Governor's Island near Castle Williams, the former boys with her, were very near the Castle and both were, and on Tuesday in a very serious situation, without receiving (as we understand) any material damage.

The crews were driven ashore near Brooklyn, but what damages they have sustained, we have not been able to learn. Several other vessels, dragged to the shore some considerable distance and many received some damage at the North River, and we understand a vessel foundered opposite the upper battery near Duane street, and nothing has been discovered relative to her, but a few feet of her mast above the surface of the water. It is feared that the crew have perished.

In addition to the above accidents the Steamer of Mount Pleasant, ran on the shore near the State Prison, where she now lays.

## GOSHEN, DEC. 17.

**Disarming Fire.**—Last Thursday evening, between the hours of eight and nine, the large elegant new house, the property of Mr George T. Ripps, at Hampton, on the Walkkill, in this county, was totally consumed by fire with a considerable quantity of cotton goods, clothing and furniture also, not less than \$6000. Now, or from whence the fire originated, is not known. What adds much to the severity of the calamity, is that this is the second great disaster falling within the period of four years, which has happened to this gentleman exclusive of carding machinery he has burnt in New Jersey a short time previous.

## VINCENNES, Dec. 4 1811.

Sir I have the honour to inform you that two Principal Chiefs of the Kickapoo of the Prairie arrived here bearing a flag on the evening before last. They informed me they came in consequence of a message from the Chief of that part of the Kickapoo which had joined the Prophet, requiring them to go, and that the said chief would be here himself in a day or two. The account they give of the late conduct of the Prophet is as follows:

The Prophet with his Shawanoees at a small Huron village about 12 miles from his former residence on the side the Wabash, where also are 12 or 15 Hurons. The Kickapoos are encamped near the Kickapoo. The Shawanoees have scattered and gone to different villages of this tribe. The Wabash goes but all the Hurons return to their own country excepting one chief and his women who remained at their former village. The latter had attended to Vincennes in his tour to the southwest, and had only returned to be Prophet's town the day before the action. The Prophet had sent a mes-

sage to the Kickapoos of the Prairie, to request that he might be permitted to return to their own town this was positively refused, and a warning sent that he not to come there. He then sent a request that four of his men might attend the Kickapoo chief here—this was also refused—there is a story on the whole, that all the tribes who got warriors in the late action, attribute their misfortunes to the Prophet alone. That they constantly reproach him with their misfortunes, and threaten him with death, that they are all anxious of making their peace with the United States and will send deputations to negotiate as soon as they are informed that they will be well received. The two chiefs for their say, that they were sent by Gov. Howard and Gen. Clark, some time before the action, to negotiate for the Kickapoos from the Prophet's towns—that they used their best efforts to collect it, but unsuccessfully; that the Prophet's followers were fully impressed with the belief, that they could defeat us with ease that it was their intention to have attacked us at Fort Harrison if we had gone no higher; that Racoon Creek was then fixed on and finally Pine Creek and that the latter would probably have been the place, if the usual route had not been abandoned and a crossing made farther up, that the attack made on our centrals at Fort Harrison was intended to shut the door against accommodation—that the Winnebagoes had 40 warriors killed in the action, and the Kickapoos 11, and 10 wounded—they have never heard how many Potawatomes and other tribes were killed—the Potawatome chief left by me on the battle ground is since dead of his wounds but that he last fully delivered my speech to the different tribes and warmly urged them to abandon the Prophet and submit to my terms.

I cannot say, sir, how much of the above may be depended on. I believe, however, that the statement made by the chief is generally correct, particularly with regard to the present disposition of the Indians. It is certain that our officers have never enjoyed more profound tranquillity than at this time. No injury of any kind that I can hear of has been done either to the persons or property of our citizens. Before the expedition no fort was passed over without some vexatious depredations being committed. The Kickapoo chiefs certainly tell an untruth, when they say there were but 11 of this tribe killed and 10 wounded. It is impossible to believe that fewer were wounded than killed. They acknowledge, however, that the Indians have never sustained so severe a defeat since their acquaintance with the white people.

I have the honour to be with great respect, sir, your humble servant.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

P. S. The Chief of the Vermilion Kickapoo has this moment arrived.

Hon. Wm. Eus is Sec'y of War.

## FIRE.

We are sorry to learn that the country seat of General Moreau, at Morrisville, near Freetown, was burnt to the ground on Tuesday morning last about 4 o'clock, and together with all his valuable furniture. The general and his family, we learn, escaped the flames with some difficulty. The fire is supposed to have originated in the Green house.

There was no insurance on the dwelling or furniture. The loss is estimated at 20,000 dollars. Some timber, iron, &c. picked up, to be sent on to Mrs. Moreau, who is in this city, being in the city, was saved.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

### MARRIAGE.

At Alexandria, Va. this day to Miss Harriett Sedgwick.  
A Charleston, Thomas T. Shaw, to Miss Jane Gidley.  
At Baltimore, Dr. Edward Ford, to Miss Frances T. Coffey.  
At Hartford, Eliza Williams, to Miss Catherine D. Hall.  
At Albany, John Dennis, to Miss Sarah Turner, and Henry Guest, to Miss Jane Stearns—plan Redding Eng. of Scotch is county, to Miss Laura Ward of Vermont.  
At Portland, Royal T. to Miss Abby Sawyer.  
At Salem, Wm. Hayes to Miss Catherine A. Strong—Richard Wright, to Miss Martha Fernald, and Thomas Gersbach to Miss Sarah A. Woodard.  
At St. Mary's, Wm. Sinsler, of New York came down of ship at 161 to Miss Euphemia Johnson.  
At Newark, Elias D. Coe, to Miss Ann B. Cogan.  
On Wednesday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Bourke, Mr. George Walker, to Miss Helen Apple of this city.

## MORTALITY.

### DIED.

Early on Saturday morning after a short illness, Mr. Charles Gardiner, son, and an inhabitant of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Simon Fawcett. Suddenly, on the 29th of September last, at Annapolis, Orlean Territory, a wife 28 years of her age, Mrs. Ann Kershaw, wife of Mr. G. H. K. K. K. and daughter of the late Thomas Barlow, of this city. She has left a husband and six small children to lament the loss of her who possessed every good quality that could endear her as a wife and mother.

In Fairfax, (Vir) Wm. Fowler.

On Monday last of a lingering disorder Mr. Thomas Gibson, Painter.

On the same day, at the house of Mr. Abraham Russell, Mrs. Ann Stocklin, aged 68 years.

On Tuesday morning of a lingering illness, Capt. George Hawley, aged 32 years.

## AMERICAN SEASONABLE GOODS.

A Great assortment and constant supply of the quality twilled B-d Ticks.

Do. common do. do.

Do. fine & common Cotton Shirts, do. best do. Sheet & bleached

Do. do. Linen, do. do. [ & unbleached

Superior white Knitting Cotton, 3 threads, Do. coloured. do. do. do.

Do. do. and white sewing do. Do. Fine Cotton and Threads

Do. Twine and Filling for weavers & the best Candlewicking from Providence

Merino & Lamb Wool, Knitting Yarns, various colours

Do. do. single and double Worsted of the best scarlet, greens, &c. spotted and plain, for knitting and net work, in great variety,

Silk, worsted, and cotton Fringes of every description, do. Cords and Tassels

Mock and real Tortoise Shell Combs of the best, and

Quill back'd dressing Combs, at the lowest factory prices, wholesale and retail,

JOHN C. WATSON, No. 207 Greenwich

N. B. A fresh supply of Turkey red and various for weavers use.

Also a quantity of elegant tortoise shell, selected for superior work

WANTED A Steady, active, and industrious LAD, of good connections. One with some knowledge of the business would be preferred. He may expect encouragement in proportion to his usefulness—apply as above

## COURT OF APOLLO.

On the pleasure arising from Public Worship.

### TO MARY.

How dear to pious souls the day,  
Which bids them to the church repair!  
How sweet to cast their cares away,  
And meet their heavenly Father there!

O how I love that place of rest!  
Where mingling with the peaceful train,  
Devotion fills the yielding breast;  
And soft emotions bless her reign.

If such the happiness that springs,  
From prayer and praise in such a sweet,  
When must we feel when angels sing,  
Shall we not to the Saviour flee?

The Heaven must be a blessed place  
M. Mary's gentle sighs betoken;  
And when I view her lovely face,  
O how my soul exclaims there!

Yes, Mary, when in thy bright eyes  
I sometimes (oh! beams I see),  
I find they follow to the skies,  
To learn if angels look like thee.

### VERSES

Written on the Cross of the Year.

BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

(NOT INSERTED IN HIS WORKS)

\*Tota qui potuit rerum cognoscere Causas."

Thankless of favours from on High,  
Man thinks he feels too soon;  
Tho' 'tis his privilege to die,  
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan  
His best concerns aright,  
Would gladly stretch life's little span  
To Ages—if he might.

'Tis ages in a world of pain.  
To ages were he gone,  
Guilt by afflictions heavy chain,  
And hopeless of repose!

Strange fondness of the Human Heart—  
Enamour'd of its harm!  
Strange World that counts it so much smart—  
And yet has power to charm!

Whence has the World its magic pow'r?  
Why deem we Death a Foe?  
Recoil from weary life's brief hour?  
And count a longer Woe!

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft  
Mere tale of Guilt renews.  
Her voice is terrible tho' soft,  
And dread of death ensues!

Then anxious to be longer spared,  
Man mourns his fleeting breath;  
At evil time seems light's compend  
With the approach of Death!

'Tis Judgment shakes him—"There's the fear,"  
That prompts his wish to stay;  
He has incur'd a long array,  
And must repair to pay.

Fay—Follow Christ, and all is paid:  
His Death your Peace secures.  
Think on the Giver where He was laid  
And calm descend to rest.

## JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant assortment of Nipus Ultra Razors, with three blades, a super magnus honam and refined steel of a fine quality. I gentlemen's portable Shaving cases, and talve and gentlemen's (J) dressed Dressing Cases of different sizes for sale by Nipus at 50 Smith Gymnasium Parlor in London, at the Golden Note, No. 140 Broadway corner of E. 1st Street.

Also the following articles as usual with many other too numerous to mention. Rose of Antiquarian curling glass thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its turning—chemical cosmetic wash, balls his fine cosmetic cold cream clear and prevents the skin from chapping, color of roses for meeting bottles. Improved chemical milk of rose Smith's pomade de Grasses for thickening the hair, soap Smith's tooth paste warranted his superior white hair powder Violet rose de St. Smith's soap paste for washing the skin Smith's highly improved hard and soft pomatum. Smith's balsamic lin salve. Rose Smith's lotion for the teeth his purified a pine shaving cake, made on chemical principle to keep the operation of shaving Smith's celebrated corn plaster elastic worsted and cotton. Garters, salt of lemon for taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor straps shaving boxes Penknives scissors tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles his Grev flowerers to those who buy to sell again. Tooth Powder and opiate black pine tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender cologne, honey hugging rose Jessamine Eau de miel and Eau Tave water shaving powder—corn plaster &c.

Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation

## PERFUMERY.

J. Tice returns his grateful acknowledgments for the generous encouragement he has received. A. I. begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has removed to No. 112 William Street, one door north of J. Street, he solicits a continuance of Public Favour. Such Ladies and Gentlemen who honour him with their commands may depend on having their articles Genuine, of the first Quality, and at the most reasonable prices.

He has now for sale a general assortment of Perfumery, among which are the following scarce articles.

Via) Vegetable Eau de Cologne Eau de Lavender de Fargent. Oil of Anes Huile Antique for curling and glossing the hair. Eau Rose de Musk de Citron Bergamot Lavender Lemon Orange Cinnamon Milk Flowers Lavender Water Cologne Water Honey Water Lorange Water Rose Water Eau de Jasmin Eau de Orange Eau de Mel. Italy's Lotion a safe speedy and efficacious remedy for all eruptions of the skin. Almond paste an article that has no equal for softening smoothing clearing and whitening the hands Pearl Powder for immediately shortening the skin producing a natural and pleasing effect. Crepe' d'Inde emollient. Les contents in articles it gives the most delicate bloom to the complexion by the most critical observation, Ronge in tablets. De Martin Rouge vegetable Visage de Rouge carmine &c.

## SOAPS.

Law's Oriental Saponaceous Compound Walnut Transparent Soap Savon de Naples. Almond shaving soap. Jasmine Palm Violet Vegetable and Windsor soap Wash Balls &c.

Tooth Brushes Dragon's Head dodo with Tincture Scissors Carbolic Acid Rose Tooth Powder tooth picks Nail Brushes hair do. for Ladies and Gentlemen Hair Dressing Cases with a variety of other articles in his line.

J. Tice likewise continues to Manufacture his superior shining Liquid Blacking which for resurfacing and preserving leather has no equal.

Also, Tires Chemical Compound for cleaning hoop, saddles &c.

The superior quality of these articles is too well known to need a recommendation but a trial will convince Wholesale & Retail at his store, 112 William Street. Likewise a few Boxes Fashionable straw Hats for Ladies to be sold cheap.

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NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

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NEW NOVELS.

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BOOK STORE, NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

Which is the Man, 4 vol. by M. A. Tucker.  
Anna, or the Welch Heiress, 4 vol. by Mrs. Barrett.

Alecia, or sketches from Nature, 3 vol.  
Devi in Love  
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Fanny's Fate to his Daughter, &c.

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